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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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A P O L O G Y

FOR THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

DAVID HUME, Esq.

Entered at Stationer's-Hall.

ELECTRONIC VERSION
AVAILABLE

NO. 96000702

nection. His memory, therefore, and the honours or disgraces which ſhall hereafter attend it, muſt, in a particular manner, intereſt and affect you. As he was your "moſt *excellent friend*," his friendſhip, and the virtues which produced it, are, I truſt, "never to be forgotten."

Dr. Adam Smith hath ſigned his name to a letter, at the cloſe of which, he thus conciſely ſums up the character of Mr. Hume.

" I have always conſidered him, both in his life-time and ſince his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wiſe and virtuous man, as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit."

It has been long imagined, that, perſons who were tinctured in any degree with that philoſophy, which Mr. Hume was ſuppoſed to favour, could not poſſibly have any title to ſuch a character, as is here drawn by Dr. Smith. That

gentleman, however, hath, with a commendable fortitude, aſſerted, the virtues of his deceaſed friend.—The object of the following pages, is a confirmation of that aſſertion, as well as a philoſophical plea for the juſtice on which it is founded.

Three other views, however, are connected with the deſign of this Apology. Some perſonal knowledge of Mr. Hume; ſome expectation of the popular cenſure, which, will ſoon be revived againſt him, if not a-

gainſt his affectionate Dr. Smith, and a wiſh I have long entertained to have a fit opportunity of introducing ſuch ſtrictures on the moſt atrocious ſpecies of diſſimulation as will be found, in the courſe of the work, are all arguments which have had a ſhare in making it public.

My thoughts have, indeed, been thrown upon *paper* in haſte; yet they are, by no means, haſty thoughts; but, have reſulted from contemplating the death of Mr. Hume, ſome

ſome months before it actually happened.—In ſhort, Sir, it is conceived, theſe remarks, upon the Life, Death, Conſiſtency, and Philoſophy, of David Hume, may, very properly, precede any new edition of his works,—may, likewiſe, do ſome ſervice to the writer, and ſome to the man; place truth and the affectation of it, like the ſun and its ſhadow, in the water, ſide by ſide, in order to ſhew the ſplendour of one, and the mockery of the other.

As to yourſelf, Sir, it would be an inſult upon your feelings, not to ſuppoſe every thing of this nature is acceptable.

I am,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PRE-

PRELIMINARY

ADDRESS.

READER, be not ſtartled, at the title of this performance. It means no ill either to you or your religion, of whatever caſt that religion may be. The Apology here offered to your inſpection, that truth, or Chriſtianity

tianity itſelf would not, of their own accord, admit. I beſeech you to peruſe theſe detached thoughts from the beginning to the end; and indulge the impulſes of the pauſer, reaſon, before you determine upon any of the ſubjects here treated, with that liberality which becomes the independent ſpirit of ſcientific enquiry, in a free ſtate. An Apology, for the philoſophy of the metaphyſical Mr. Hume, appears to denote in this ſuſpicious age, to be either abſtruſe, or difficult, or elſe dan-

gerous, and deiſtical. From this work, fear neither of theſe. It is written without profaneneſs or irreverence. It promotes all morality flowing from all faiths, and it corrects all hypocriſy, wherever it is detected. The proſtitution of Chriſtianity, or, in other words, the Chriſtian religion made uſe of as a cloak to cover the moſt irreligious purpoſes, is more fatal to the Supreme Governor of the world, and to his ſubordinate creatures, than a much greater latitude of principle than was indulged by

Mr.

Mr. Hume. Avowed Atheiſm itſelf, is not half ſo bad, as concealed deception, eſpecially when it takes refuge under the plauſable and unſuſpected robe of Chriſtian profeſſors. An extraordinary ſomething, betwixt ſuperſtition, and Popery pleads in favour of this worſt ſpecies of enormity; for which reaſon, it is leſs chaſtiſed than any other. Common minds, which are terribly trammeled by any ſhallow ſignals of authority, are afraid of yielding to the ſuggeſtions of their own underſtanding, and

ſo

ſo the evil is permitted, through mere vulgar cowardice, to ariſe, till the effects of the miſchief become almoſt irreparable. Hence it is, alſo, that the truth of a whole library, were it cloſely analyzed, and then conſolidated to the excluſion of every thing adventitious, and imaginary,—the whole amount of matter of fact, with reſpect to things important, would be reduced to a few ſcanty volumes; or, at moſt, ſupply the ſhelves of a ſmall book-caſe.

Having

Having a due veneration for the rights of the preſs, I have here, I hope, not unadviſedly, ventured to inveſtigate ſubjects, or rather, to ſtart hints, which a puſilanimity, very prejudicial to candid enquiry, hath commonly paſſed over. I have ſtarted matters, which it is to be wiſhed, were more philoſophically purſued by ſome able hand, and I am not without hope that what is here rudely ſketched, will be formed into a correcter ſyſtem by a maſterly writer.

In

In the mean time, what is offered in the ſubſequent pages, however it may offend the zealots, will not be ill received by thoſe who are liberal and conſiſtent.

AN APOLOGY, &c.

SECTION I.

OF HUME'S PHILOSOPHICAL CONSISTENCY.

DAVID HUME is dead! Never were the pillars of Orthodoxy ſo deſperately ſhaken, as they are now, by that event. It was attended by every thing that contradicts the general prophecy concerning it. He hath proved himſelf, in oppoſi-

tion to a contrary opinion, one of thoſe rare characters, which ſo ſeldom adorn either this, or any other country; to wit, an *uniform Philoſopher*. He is one of the few, who died in the practice of precepts, which he laid down in the earlieſt periods of a ſpeculative life. The laſt ſcene is lately painted by himſelf, and every touch of it correſponds, corroborates, and confirms thoſe which preceded it. He took up the pen, to prove his conſiſtency, at a criſis, commonly eſteemed by men, the moſt alarming and pathetic. Air, phyſic, exerciſe, and the alleviating ſolicitudes of friendſhip, were all tried, and were all ineffectual: even adulation,

on, which is ſo ſeldom unwelcome, either to the ſick, or healthy, was not able to ſeduce our philoſopher into the hope of an exiſtence protracted beyond the limits of a few months.—"I happened to come into his room," ſaid one of his moſt reſpectable friends, "when he was reading a letter, ſent him by Colonel Edmondſtone, who had written an eternal adieu to him, and which, Mr. Hume immediately ſhewed to me: I told him, that, though I was ſenſible how very much he was weakened, and that appearances, in many reſpects, were very bad, yet his chearfulneſs was ſtill ſo great, the ſpirit of life ſeemed ſtill to be ſo very ſtrong in him, that, I could

not help entertaining ſome faint hopes. He anſwered, "Your hopes are groundleſs. An habitual diarrhœa of more than a year's ſtanding, would be a very bad diſeaſe at any age; at *my* age, it is a mortal one. When I lie down in the evening, I feel myſelf weaker, than when I roſe in the morning; and when I riſe in the morning, weaker than when I lay down in the evening. I am ſenſible, beſides, that ſome of my vital parts are affected, ſo that I *muſt* ſoon die."

I have admitted this extract, becauſe it marks, in the moſt vivid colours, the invariable, practical, conſiſtency of Hume to his own theory.

theory. Thoſe, to whom that theory is obnoxious, wiſhed, and expected a very different deportment of its author in his laſt moments; the more eſpecially, if thoſe moments were paſt (which was the caſe) under the declinings of a diſorder that ſhould waſte the body, without impairing the mind. The perſons, who maintained oppoſite, and what is eſteemed, correcter tenets, imagined, that all the ſubtlety of a ſcepticiſm, avowed in the vigour of gay and glowing youth; and of arguments to ſupport them, written when the pulſe was full, among the ardours of ſcience, and for the ſake of ſingularity,

would, upon the bed of a lingering diſtemper, all fly off, as the proſpect of diſſolution became apparent, and leave their author in the agonies of terror-ſtruck repentance, or in the horrors of overwhelming deſpair. I, myſelf, know one perſon, in particular, and he ſtill living, and not unknown in the Chriſtian world, who prognoſticated the moſt tragical exit to David Hume.—"Take my word for it, ſir," ſaid he, one day to me, "the triumph of that man, (meaning Hume) is ſhort-lived. He breaks apace: from an almoſt athletic corpulency, he is, within a few months, ſhrunk into the very ſhadow of himſelf. I hear

hear he ſtill affects his accuſtomed gaiety, and perſiſts in his unchriſtian principles: but this conduct will wear away in proportion as he gets worſe and worſe. As Dean Swift ſtands upon record the victim of diſappointment, pique, pride, ill-nature, ſo, I foreſee, will David Hume be a mournful example of that vain, and vicious philoſophy, which he hath long had the audacity to eſpouſe. Methinks, I already ſee him, ſir, in the extremity; tortured at once, by the laſhes of his conſcience, and labouring to continue life, that he may publicly give the lie to his former horrible documents. Poor wretch—I pity him, I could almoſt wiſh his prayer granted,

that he might do ſome juſtice to poſterity; and, in that juſtice, propitiate the wrath, the omnipotent wrath, which muſt neceſſarily be kindled againſt him. Inſtead of which,—ſhocking reverſe,—obſerve him ſtruggling at the ſame time with death, and with a thorough conſciouſneſs of having miſguided mankind; of having endeavoured to undermine the foundation of religion—and of meriting deteſtation."

In all the phrenzy of a fiery zeal, bordering, I fear, ſomewhat upon bigotry, did a celebrated *Chriſtian* author, as near as I can recollect, in theſe words, foretell the miſeries of David Hume; and in the ſame fu-

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ror of language, hath he, doubtleſs, been treated, by many others. On the peruſal of that pamphlet, which ſtates the accounts of his laſt illneſs, and all the concomitant circumſtances that attended it, I ſhould like much, as a matter of curioſity only, to know the unaffected ſtate of *their* feelings: their prophecy is, at all events, unfulfilled: and, what is worſe, all the *minute* articles (which are generally the moſt marking) rather add to, than deduct from, the great aggregate of their conſternation.

In juſtice to the memory of an extraordinary man, who hath, it is preſumed, many ſecret and many public

public enemies, at leaſt in a literary and ſcientific ſenſe, it is worth while to take a view of ſome of thoſe points, which prove him, beyond the poſſibility of a diſpute, to be at leaſt a *ſincere believer in his own ſentiments*. Many, indeed, will think, that this, however perſpicuouſly proved, will be doing him no real honour; ſince, in proportion to the clearneſs of the evidence upon this matter, it will only ſhew his impiety and obſtinate infidelity the plainer; thereby, in the end, incurring upon him a more general diſgrace. I am of a different opinion. The terms Infidelity, Impiety, and Atheiſm, ſhould not be laviſhly truſted from the lip. We ſhould not preſume

"To

" To deal damnation through the land
On each, we deem our foe :"

But, it is leſs the deſign of theſe papers to *defend* Hume's principles, than to ſhew, upon the beſt authority, that he was earneſt in what he wrote, and that, through every part of his life, even to the very moment of his death, he made precept and practice go, amicably, hand in hand together. Firſt, however, be it obſerved, that, whatever might be the force of his *faith*; no one, it is conjectured, will charge him with having neglected *good works*. I do not pretend to ſay how far thoſe *are*, or are

not

not ſufficient. Such enquiries are digreſſive from my ſubject. At the ſame time, I could wiſh (and ſure it is but a reaſonable requeſt) that, for theſe, he may have a proper *degree of credit*.

Perhaps, it is one of the very worſt circumſtances againſt the cauſe of Chriſtianity, that, very few of its profeſſors were ever, either ſo moral, ſo humane, or could ſo philoſophically govern their *paſſions*, as the ſceptical David Hume. The ſimple dictates of this gentleman's own heart, unaſſiſted by thoſe examples, and ſacred ſentiments, which are ſuppoſed to inſpire

ſpire univerſal "love and good will amongſt men," inſpired him to practiſe all the duties, decencies, and charities. Thus Hume the Unbeliever, as he hath been called, led a life that might even, when ſcrutinized by the eye of malevolence itſelf, call a bluſh into the cheeks of thoſe, who would fain be thought, in the imaginations of men, to be *ſteadfaſt and immoveable in the faith*. It is not a little ſhocking to thinking people, to perceive that the ſpirit of hypocriſy ſo generally gone forth; and it is ſtill worſe, to ſee *that* hypocriſy (according to the aſſurance of a late lord) ſo generally ſucceſsful and carry all before it.

It

It demands, alas! no ſearch into the records of antiquity, to prove that, the *Chriſtian* world proſecutes this duplicity with a vigour, to which the ſceptic Hume never had the infamy to ſtoop. I do not ſay this is an argument to deſtroy, or to invalidate the faith of Chriſtians; but I *will* take upon me to ſay, it is a dreadful ſymptom of an unſoundneſs in its profeſſors, and friends, when they ſo commonly ſkulk behind the holy ſhield of their religion, as a *hiding place* from the eyes of the world, whenever they have a mind to do any thing in direct oppoſition to its moſt obvious and

and elementary principles. Either the religion is ſomewhere defective in itſelf, (which I, by no means, think ſo likely as the alternative) or elſe the votaries themſelves have a much worſe opinion of its *real* origin than ſceptics; becauſe, were not one of theſe, or perhaps, a mixture of them both, the *fact*, ſurely they could not, ſo much oftener than thoſe ſceptics, act in general defiance of its maxims. I, however, principally confine myſelf to that miſerable hypocriſy, which hath ſo very frequently been *diſcovered* amongſt the votaries of this amiable religion; and, in particular, ſuch of them as have gained the greateſt

greateſt popularity, by an oſtentatious diſplay of it. I beg theſe ſentiments may not be thought to have any tendency to hurt the Chriſtian religion, of whoſe excellence I am not now to treat; yet, till ſome of its profeſſors can, by the conjunction of *faith and good works*, back'd by the proſpect of *futurity*, ſurpaſs, or at leaſt equal, the virtues of a man who was tender, friendly, generous, and ſocial; let theſe vain glorious boaſters have the modeſty to hold their tongues, and ſpeak nothing; ſince nothing can be ſpoken, but to their diſgrace.— It is to the honour of David Hume, then, that he was no *hypocrite* in philoſophy; and that, unlike the many

many *detected* hypocrites in *Chriſtianity*, he acted as he wrote, and wrote no more than, at all times, he actually felt.

This may be evidenced more accurately, when we run our eye over that poſthumous paper, which he hath, very characteriſtically, called, *A Funeral Oration*. Prior to this, I would juſt turn an old ſubject on a new ſide: I would make a comment or two, on that ſhameful ſpecies of deluſion, which, arrayed in the fair and unſuſpicious robes of orthodoxy, makes the moſt fatal depredations upon ſociety; and, indeed, does infinitely more miſchief than the moſt daring and declared infidelity.

SECTION II.

OF RELIGIOUS HYPOCRISY.

ONE of the diſtinguiſhing features, by which we mark the preſent age, is religious Hypocriſy, or that abominable *prudery* in Sentiment, which, from the lip outwards, deceives the ſhallow multitude, who miſtake it for the conſcientious ſcruples of moral ſanctity. A philoſopher, who looks into the heart, and can trace many of its manœuvres to their ſource; whoſe

acquaintance with life, and whoſe ſkill in detecting the chicane of men, ſees, clearly, at a ſingle glance, that the whole apparatus of external appearance, is only a political veil thrown over the real feelings and propenſities of nature: this fallacy, to his penetrating eye, is ſufficiently obvious; he detects the cheat in a moment, and, did he not know how eaſily the major part of mankind were diſpoſed to favour *that* which ſuits equally their own purpoſes of impoſing upon each other (by which means the Hypocriſy becomes general), he would wonder how thoſe, who are ſuppoſed to ſtand at the top of rarefied and rationalized matter, could be ſo con-

ſtantly the bubbles of imagination. Bubbles, however, they notoriouſly are, in defiance of the very feelings which contradict their puritanical pretenſions. This duplicity hath *ever* exiſted in life, and hath now crept into *letters*. There is a ſet of writers, who affect a chaſtity of ſentiment, and a kind of primitive preciſeneſs in ſtyle, with a view of paſſing upon the ſuperficial part of the public (which is infinitely the larger part) as orthodox moraliſts, and the moſt zealous promoters of Chriſtian rectitude, Copious is the catalogue of authors, whoſe performances are read and reliſhed, upon this very principle.

Hence

Hence it is, that, literary reputation, like almoſt every other diſtinction, is, in theſe times, merely empirical. It is, nevertheleſs, not unamuſing to a philoſopher,—when he hath a mind to relieve himſelf from the labour of ſeverer thinking, with the petty concealments of the buſy and more vacant world,—to overturn, with a calmneſs peculiar to his collected character, the ſuperficial ſyſtems of theſe *ingenious impoſtors*.

When I have felt myſelf in a humour, that diſpoſes to ſuch pleaſant paſtime; when I can deſcend from worthier ſciences, to the little deſigns which men have upon each

 other,

other, I have totally deſtroyed the whole web of Hypocriſy, and diſcovered, in plauſible maxims, more tendencies to vice and immorality, or *elſe more inſincerity*, than in any writings of avowed luxury and licentiouſneſs. Our modern moraliſts, eſpecially of the ſacred order, have the art of making Virtue terrible, and Vice an object of indifference: like an unſkilful painter, they disfigure the native amiableneſs of the one by certain rigid ſtrokes of the pencil too formidable to be ſeen with pleaſure; and they pourtray the marking features of the other, either ſo looſely or ludicrouſly, that, as we have no violent deſire to poſſeſs the one, ſo have

have we no remarkable diſguſt to the other. Nay, our refined moral mongers advance much farther; Religion herſelf, a word for ever at the tip of their tongues, and the very God of it, a term even more in common uſage, ſuffers at the very time they pretend the contrary. Like the "hand-writing upon the wall," it is upon record againſt the conſiſtency of ſome of our dabblers in morals, that they have deſcribed the Deity infinitely more like a devil than a God: they tell us, he is all merciful and all benevolent, and yet very gravely inſiſt, his puniſhments are extreme, and his anger, on particular occaſions, eternal; they deſcribe him as armed with a flaming

ſword, to deſtroy the unhappy compound of thoſe paſſions, which, they allow, he hath himſelf implanted; they talk of his having, propenſely, hardened the heart of the ſinner, as he did that of Pharoah, and yet that he rewards with plague and peſtilence the creature whom he hath *deſtined* to diſobedience; they enlarge much upon his tenderneſs, and yet obſerve, in one and the ſame page, that the crimes of the father ſhall be viſited on the children, even unto the fourth generation. I appeal to the man, who hath fortitude enough to think one moment for himſelf, whether the Omnipotent, thus delineated, is not rather diſhonoured than glorified! Are ſuch inconſiſtent

ſiſtent qualities poſſible, to an eſſence all pure, immutable, uncontradictory? The real character of the univerſal Parent is clouded, confuſed, and enveloped, in the thick fog of human opinions and human inventions. Rewards and puniſhments, are, doubtleſs, held out to men as proper examples to encourage and to deter; but they ſhould never be injudiciouſly blended, as confounded one with the other.

How much happier would be the conſequence; how much more would it do honour to the Chriſtian cauſe, if divines and moraliſts were to inculcate, both in their public orations, and writings, that ſpecies of

of Morality, Sentiment, Philoſophy, or whatever elſe you pleaſe to call it, which draws the portraits of Virtue with all poſſible amiableneſs, which is finely coloured, which has recourſe both to Eloquence and Poetry, in order to attract, and entertain, rather than to affright and diſguſt! Doubtleſs, more may be done by inviting than by inſiſting, eſpecially in caſes of duty and obedience, which are, in themſelves, I conceive, not very conſiſtent with the pride or the dignity of human nature: true it is, that, a ſevere maſter may, by the power of that very ſeverity, create in a ſervant a kind of momentary veneration, but the very inſtant he is out of the preſence

ſence of his ſuperior, he admits, of neceſſity, a mixed ſentiment of hatred and terror. This mode of argument may ſoar from familiar life, to the laſt ſplendid degrees of that preternatural grandeur, and power, which divines impute to the Deity. I aſk the reader, if, after having heard any diſcourſe in which Providence hath been deſcribed in all its terrors, as holding out on the one hand, the horrors of perdition, and diſplaying, on the other, the ſigns of unrelenting and implacable reſentment againſt beings, confeſſedly imperfect; I aſk, if he does not come away from ſuch diſcourſe, impreſſed, rather with a ſenſe of Almighty *revenge* and *barbarity*, than with the com-

comfortable ideas, and all their chearful aſſociations, of fairer and more alluring attributes *. This makes it

* Mr. Hume hath, himſelf, noticed this contradiction: "Thus it may ſafely be affirmed, that popular religions are really, in the conception of their more vulgar votaries, a ſpecies of dæmoniſm; and the higher the Deity is exalted in power and knowledge, the lower, of courſe, is he depreſſed in goodneſs and benevolence; whatever epithets of praiſe may be beſtowed on him by his amazed adorers. Among idolaters, the words may be falſe, and belie the ſecret opinion: but among more exalted religioniſts, the opinion itſelf often contracts a kind of falſehood, and belies the inward ſentiment. The heart ſecretly deteſts ſuch meaſures of cruel and implacable vengeance; but the judgment dares not but pronounce them perfect and adorable. And the

it obvious, that the great arguments for belief of Chriſtianity, and love of its origin, are commonly miſtaken even

the additional miſery of this inward ſtruggle aggravates all the other terrors, by which theſe unhappy victims to ſuperſtition are for ever haunted.

Lucian obſerves, that a young man, who reads the hiſtory of the gods in Homer or Heſiod, and finds their factions, wars, injuſtice, inceſt, adultery, and other immoralities ſo highly celebrated, is much ſurprized afterwards, when he comes into the world, to obſerve, that puniſhments are by law inflicted on the ſame actions, which he had been taught to aſcribe to ſuperior beings. The contradiction is ſtill perhaps ſtronger between the repreſentations given us by ſome latter religions and our natural ideas of generoſity, lenity, impartiality,

even by thoſe, who profeſſionally preach every Sunday upon the ſubject. The *frowns* of God may terrify into an *extorted* obedience, as

and juſtice; and in proportion to the multiplied terrors of theſe religions, the barbarous conceptions of the divinity are multiplied upon us. Nothing can preſerve untainted the genuine principles of morals in our judgment of human conduct, but the abſolute neceſſity of theſe principles to the exiſtence of ſociety. If common conception can indulge princes in a ſyſtem of ethics, ſomewhat different from that which ſhould regulate private perſons, how much more thoſe ſuperior beings, whoſe attributes, views, and nature are ſo totally unknown to us? *Sunt ſuperis ſua jura.* The gods have maxims of juſtice peculiar to themſelves."

And

as we may frighten a child, or a domeſtic, into the very falſhood, for which we are at that moment chiding him. But this is, in effect, making God the cauſe of our hypocriſy. Timorous minds, indeed, and thoſe who do not underſtand the phenomena of nature, may dread the ſound of the thunder, imputing that ſound, not to any thing in the order of nature, which is agreeable to the very conſtruction of the univerſe and

And again, in another place, with ſtill greater conciſeneſs: "How is the Deity diſfigured in our repreſentations of him! What caprice, abſurdity, and immorality are attributed to him! How much is he degraded even below the character, which we ſhould naturally, in common life, aſcribe to a man of ſenſe and virtue!" *Nat. Hiſt. Relig.*

the regular operations of the material ſyſtem, but to the immediate diſpleaſure of the Deity. Thus it is, that after any great calamity (whether public or private), ſuch as the effuſion of much blood by the ſucceſs of our national enemies, or the ſudden reduction of any family (an unexpected tranſition from affluence to impriſonment for inſtance), it is common enough for ignorant people to inflict upon themſelves very ſevere and unneceſſary rigours, by way, it it preſumed, of propitiating the wrath of Providence, than which, by the bye, there cannot poſſibly be ſhewn to that Providence a greater indignity; for doth not this conduct evidently imply, that, God requires

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to be firſt thanked for having made men miſerable, and then bribed by flattery leſt that miſery ſhould be continued?

I may receive a ſtroke of ill-fortune with a proper degree of firmneſs, with all the decencies of reſignation; I may bear my burthen, either as a Philoſopher, or as a Chriſtian, but I can never be perſuaded to believe, that any being can be *barbarouſly* delighted with the horrible incenſe of ſighs and tears; or that he exacts ſuch a diabolical ſacrifice, and expects, at the ſame time, that we ſhould call it *devotion*. It is downright wickedneſs! The whole of the matter then, amounts

to this,—To make men in love with *any ſuperior power*, he who repreſents to us the extent and the nature of that power, muſt take great care, leſt he deſtroys the hypotheſis he means to ſupport.

To effect this, it is not neceſſary to make that power a mere *fool of good-nature*, any more than it is to make him a *tyrant of cruelty*.

Would we wiſh to inſpire a ſtranger with a favourable idea of any of our acquaintance? we *do* begin his character by ſaying that, if he is once offended *thoroughly*, he will not only purſue the offenders

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to the verge of the grave, but even carry his reſentment into the coffin, and maliciouſly ſcatter the bones in teſtimony of the ſtill-ſurviving vigour of his reſentment; neither do we ſay, that he will wreak his vengeance on the widow, or her now orphan children, becauſe, this would effectually deter from forming any ſort of connection with ſo execrable a wretch. No; we take the fairer ſide of the argument; we dwell upon ſuch parts of his character, as naturally recommend him to reaſon and the ſenſibilities; nay, rather than let him want a cubit to the dignity or amiableneſs of his *moral ſtature*, we venture to draw a compliment or two from the me-

taphors of *imagination*, nor do we quit the charming ſubject till we have prepared the mind to expect the moſt delightful pleaſures in his ſociety.

Such is exactly the caſe with the more magnificent image of the Deity, whom, we ſhall always honour, in proportion as his attributes are repreſented, through the medium of gentleneſs, forgiveneſs, and complacency.

There ſeems, however, no little ſhare of ignorance, in painting, thus publicly, the Deity in a paſſion; in giving him *obſtinacy*, *ill-will*, *ill-nature*, and all the turbulances of a ri-

a rigorous taſk-maſter; eſpecially where the ſervants themſelves are, by the neceſſity of their natures, preſentenced to obey thoſe neceſſities.

The trite and very vulgar argument of *free-will* with all the futile doctrine of *agencies*, which have, unluckily, employed ſo many thouſands reams of paper, fall to the very earth, and mix with the duſt of it, upon the honeſt ſcrutiny of thoſe, that are not to be deluded by the jargon of mere *pulpit* debate.

But I ſhould, by entering upon this at preſent, take a much greater latitude than is now expedient; my deſign, being, not ſo much to di-

greſs from my ſubject, as to incorporate what ſeems in its nature analagous, to wit, ſome philoſophical ſtrictures on the danger of *popular hypocriſy* in ſacred matters, and on a mode of diſſimulation in *ſentiment*, which diſhonours the frank and liberal ſpirit of true ſcience. But, our *puritans of the preſs*, take eſpecial care to write very religiouſly without *any meaning at all*; without, indeed, having any determinate idea of that delicate partition which divides one ſpecific quality from another, without any ſober ſyſtem of either thinking, writing or acting. I have been entertained with the ingenuities of men, (I call them ingenuities, becauſe, ſometimes, they

really

really are ſuch,) who have volumnioufly recommended a *ſomething*, the practice of which was, to produce tranquillity and complacence; which was, equally to defy diſtemper, accident, and revolution. This *ſomething*, they recommend, without bringing one ſolid argument in its favour*. In *their* way, they reaſon "about it and about it," till the original idea, if, indeed, they ever had ſuch, is utterly annihilated. If, therefore, their miſconceptions and

* The fuller proof of this matter, together with a free and fair enquiry into popular religions, and their regulating principles, is preparing for the preſs by the Author of this Apology, and will, it is hoped, clear from rubbiſh, our much-obſtructed idea on ſacred ſubjects.

blunders are thus manifeſt in *devotional* ſubjects, it may be expected that, they are not much more accurate or perſpicuous in the manufacture of writings adapted ſimply to what is called the decencies and decorums of ſocial life. I ſhall, however, as an inſtance, confine myſelf to expoſe the futility of what they call, with moſt atrocious affectation, *delicacy* of *ſentiment*; two words to which, diveſted of their popular hypocritical meaning, imply more actual groſſneſs and downright ſenſuality, than all that ever was written by Rocheſter, or any other licentious author. Rocheſter, indeed,

"Shewed too much to raiſe deſire."

He made us delicate even from his indelicacy;

indelicacy; we behold his dirty, ill-diſpoſed, figures, in all their naſtineſs and nudity; the mind takes part with the body and recoils from enjoyment. But it is otherwiſe with writers, that are eternally ſhewing you the ſentimental infamy of a perſonal treſpaſs, to which nature (they own), with all her attractive force and vigour, inclines; while they condemn us to flame and faggot, if we yield to her dictates. It is the fault of theſe men that they too often *remind* us of agreeable error, they minutely diſcover the temptation, and point to the moſt irreſiſtible parts of it, yet charge us neither to touch nor to enjoy it. This is ſhameful; but it is, notwithſtanding, the baſis of many literary reputations.

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SECTION III.

ON THE NATURAL DIGNITY OF THE LITERARY CHARACTER, AND THE REASONS WHICH HAVE BROUGHT IT INTO CONTEMPT.

LET us now advert to *another* ſpecies of Hypocriſy, from which our Philoſopher was totally exempt; to which, indeed, his temper was perfectly ſuperior. Among the inſtances of generous independency in David Hume, muſt not be forgotten that manlineſs, which prevented him from wading through the

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the proſtituted puddle of fawning DEDICATION. To this magnanimity—to this firmneſs it was owing, that, his feelings were never diſgraced, nor his ſpirit at any time weighed down by the burden of favours, ignominiouſly begged, and ungraciouſly beſtowed. Alexander, when he had won his world, had leſs reaſon to ſing forth the Io Pean of triumph, than had our author to gratulate himſelf on the ſatisfaction of "never having preferred a requeſt to one great man, or ever of having made advances to any of them." To confeſs the truth, he wrote, generally, upon ſubjects of which the modern nobility are, for the moſt part, ſo contemptibly ig-

norant, that to have inſcribed performances ſo ſcientific to ſuch patrons, would involve the Philoſopher in a ſimilar error of judgment. Indeed, nothing is more offenſive to men of true taſte, and right feeling, than the *condeſcenſion* of perſons of genius, to perſons of rank, merely as ſuch. This it is, more than any thing elſe, that hath helped to degrade the literary character; which, as it implies a ſuperior vigour of intellect, and a more enlarged capacity, poſſeſſes, naturally, an unrivalled dignity. According to all the ſyſtems of all the ſects, it is allowed that the *human underſtanding* is the greateſt, as it is the moſt boaſted, diſtinction of *human beings*;

conſequently, one of theſe beings muſt riſe higher than another in the ſcale of rationality, only by ſo much, as the diſtinguiſhing part of him is elevated above that of others: So, likewiſe, a ſhallow, illiterate, and vacant creature, muſt ſink in the ſcale, by the ſame equitable proportion. Now, it is eaſy to prove, that, what are called the Great (who are but too commonly the leaſt of all God's little atoms), muſt, according to the very nature of things, be amongſt the *worſt* judges of literary merit, and therefore, ſpeaking truly, its moſt improper patrons. Men, born to titles and to fortunes which deſcend without effort, or exertion of any talent whatever, imagine the cultivation of

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the mind totally adventitious: nor does the man of faſhion admit it into the catalogue of his accompliſhments. Even the harlequin Lord Cheſterfield—that ſucceſsful ſmatterer—allows only ſuch a ſhare of philoſophy, as belongs to the philoſophy of the paſſions; which is nothing more in his idea, than guarding *yourſelf* while you make a fine, dextrous, and ſucceſsful puſh at the paſſions of *another*. Giddineſs, glitter, the indolence of plenty, and above all, its impudence, all contribute to render perſons of rank, frivolous, voluble, ſuperficial; the illuſtrious exceptions of a Bacon, a Bolingbroke, a Shafteſbury, a Lyttelton, a Pruſſia, a Clarendon, have nothing

nothing to do with a rule ſo deplorably general.

This being the caſe, can any thing be ſo prepoſterous, as to inſcribe to the mere tinſel of titles, the labours of learning, or the reflections of accurate and abſtruſe Philoſophy? Yet hath this been, for many ages, the practice. Whence hath it happened? The queſtion cannot be anſwered without affecting us.

Fortune ſeems to have neglected thoſe, whom Nature hath moſt favoured; and *men of genius*, I ſuppoſe, think it but fair, to ſupply the defect by ſolliciting *men of money*. This ſollicitation, however, ſubjects them to all that rudeneſs and diſdain, which

thoſe

thoſe who have only a handful of authority, beſtow upon their flatterers. The flatterers are, in turn, well ſerved; they ſet out upon a wrong principle—The intercourſe is altogether ill managed. Dedications, being another ſource of our *national Hypocriſy*, deſerve a more correct inveſtigation. It has been juſt obſerved, that they are fundamentally falſe.

A dedication admits of two diſtinct definitions, of which, one belongs to the Patron, and one to the Author. The Patron not only receives every untruth that can be expreſſed in the pride of Panegyric, as his due, but believes, at the ſame time,

time, that he receives it from an unprovided being, who is to exiſt for a certain ſpace of time upon the ſucceſs of his encomium. Something therefore is uſually ſent to keep—(for I would adopt the great man's language)— "the poor devil of an Author from ſtarving:" The Author's definition, is, on the other hand, ſo ſervile, as to deduct from every ſentiment of pity, and make us confeſs the juſtice of his diſgrace. —He is contented to laviſh praiſes, of which the beſt man on earth, might bluſh to be the objects, and he expects a golden reward, proportionate to the violent colourings of the varniſh, and to the fainter, or

fuller blaze of the "lye courteous*". Which conduct ſhall we moſt

* I have collected a few of theſe ſhameful Panegyrics, and thrown them into a note, by way of illuſtration.

Speaking of a man and woman whom the Poet never ſaw, he hath theſe expreſſions:

EXAMPLE I.

"I could not anſwer it to the world, nor to my conſcience, if I gave not your Lordſhip my teſtimony of your being the *beſt huſband now living*. You, my Lord, though it is not my happineſs *to know you*, may ſtand aſide with the ſmall remainders of the Engliſh Nobility, truly ſuch, &c."

Dryden.

EXAMPLE II.

"I aſſure your grace this Dedication is the reſult of a profound acknowledgment, an

moſt reprobate? They are equally contemptible. The traffic ſhould be an artleſs inclination, proudly glad, and grateful: and if ever the influence of your Grace's *more* ſhining qualities ſhould perſuade me to attempt a *Tragedy*, I ſhall then borrow all the ornamental virtues from your greatneſs of *Birth*, ſweetneſs of *Temper* flowing from the fixed and native principles of *Courage* and *Honour*, beauties, that I reſerve for a further opportunity of expreſſing my zeal and gratitude."

Colley Cibber.

EXAMPLE III.

" The protection of the moſt diſtinguiſhed, produces a kind of *inſpiration* much ſuperior to that which the *heatheniſh* Poets pretended to derive from their fictitious *Apollo*: My ambition is to addreſs one of my *weak* performances to your Lordſhip, who are

be regulated more conſiſtently. If men of genius muſt needs addreſs their

juſtly allowed by *univerſal conſent*, to be the *beſt* judge of all kinds of writing. I was, indeed, at firſt deterred from my deſign, by a thought, that it might be accounted unpardonable rudeneſs to obtrude a *trifle* of this nature *to* a perſon, whoſe *ſublime wiſdom* moderates the council, which, at this critical juncture, over-rules the *fate* of *all Europe*."

Mrs. Centlivre.

EXAMPLE IV.

" I ſhall not grow tedious, by entering into the uſual ſtyle of Dedications: for my pen cannot accompany my heart, when I ſpeak of your Grace; and I am now writing to the *only perſon living* to whom ſuch a Panegyric would be diſpleaſing."

Henry Fielding.

EXAMPLE

their works to men of rank, let them assert a more noble equality. If they

EXAMPLE V.

" You did not think it, Madam, beneath you to be officially good, even from the *extremeſt height* to diſcover the *loweſt creature*. To have your Grace's favour, is, in a word, to have the applauſe of the whole court, who are its nobleſt ornament; *magnificent, and eternal praiſe:* ſomething there is in your mein, ſo much *above* what we call *charming*, that to me, it ſeems *adorable*, and your preſence almoſt *divine*. You poſſeſs a *fulneſs of perfection*; to hear you ſpeak is, methinks, to hear our *tutelar angels:* but to behold you too, is to make prophets quite forget their *heaven*, and bind the Poets with *eternal rapture*. Your Grace is the moſt beautiful idea of *love and glory*, and to that *divine* compoſition, have the nobleſt and beſt natured wit in the *world*." *Nat. Lee.*

they draw the portraits of any perſon remarkable for any thing, let

EXAMPLE VI.

" Nature and fortune were certainly in league when your Grace were born; and as the firſt took care to give you beauty enough to enſlave the hearts of *all the world*, ſo the other reſolved to do its merit juſtice, that none but a monarch, fit to rule the world, ſhould ever poſſeſs it, and in it, he had an empire."

Thomas Otway.

I have not aſcertained the property of any of theſe high-flown, nonſenſical, paſſages, as belonging to any particular perſon, becauſe, they are all ſo much in the ſame ſtyle, that they may, with equal propriety, be inſcribed to all the Patrons in the world. It may, however, be well enough to take notice,

let not a writer think, he is more honoured, than he honours; if

tice, that the ſhalloweſt underſtanding in nature might have penetration enough to ſee the abſurdity of each; moſt of them, being, in effect, rather ſatires than compliment. Dryden calls a man he never beheld, one of the *beſt huſbands living:* Cibber hath the *artleſs inclination* to be *proudly glad and grateful* about nothing at all. Mrs. Centlivre hath the ambition to deſire a nobleman of the *ſublimeſt wiſdom*, who rules the fate *of all Europe*, will, at a critical juncture, receive favourably, what ſhe knows to be a *weak* performance. Fielding, under a pretence of avoiding the uſual ſtyle of dedication, falls, in the very next ſentence, into the groſſeſt degree of the very fault, which, he reprobates: Poor Lee, who hath, indeed, his bill of lunacy to plead, calls himſelf the *loweſt creature*, in compariſon of a

if he emblazons a name, which was before, glimmering in obſcurity, the obliga-

lady, who was *more than charming*, ſeemingly *adorable*, and very near *divine*: while Otway found out in his Patron the Dutcheſs of Portſmouth, that, her having been a proſtitute to a king, by whom ſhe had a baſtard, was an illuſtrious tranſaction which no Poet of any ſpirit, ought to paſs, unſung.

But in juſtice to *ſome* Engliſh writers, I muſt not let this point go off thus ignominiouſly, without producing, for the ſake of contraſt, a deſerving imitation, ſomething on the oppoſite ſide where even a Dedication appears amiable. An addreſs to the Counteſs of Albemarle, from the polite Sir Richard Steele, opens in the following elegant and conſiſtent manner.

"MADAM,

obligation is, to all intents, and purpoſes, on the ſide of the Patron; who,

" MADAM,

Among the many novelties with which your Ladyſhip, a ſtranger in our nation, is daily entertained, you have not yet been made acquainted with the poetical Engliſh liberty, the *right of Dedication*; which entitles us to a *priviledge*, of celebrating whatever, for its native excellence, is the *juſt* object of praiſe; and is an ancient *charter*, by which the Muſes have always a free acceſs to the habitation of the Graces "

In this paſſage, we have at once etiquette and dignity.—Let it be compared with the traſh which preceded. One would indeed be apt to think the writers of that work, meant to burleſque the thing. The former examples look like ſo many *mock* Dedications. *Profeſſedly* of this kind, the following is a ſpecimen, and the only one I recollect in our language.

" DEDI-

who, but for ſuch imputed excellence, would have paſſed unobſerved through

" DEDICATION.

To the Right Hon. worthy, and beautiful,
The Lady ——*
Viſcounteſs of ——* Lady of the ——*
And one of her Majeſty's
—— *——*

MADAM,

I moſt humbly beg permiſſion to throw this trifle at your Ladyſhip's feet: and deeply conſcious as I am of its unworthineſs—of its inacuracy, and of its incapacity to ſtand before ſo bright and penetrating an eye as your Ladyſhip's—I ſhould not preſume even to hope pardon for my temerity, were I not conſoled by reflecting, that your taſte, (infinite as it is,) meets a powerful competitor, in the immenſity of your good-nature.

But

through life: if he faithfully diſplays a character already much celebrated,

But I have long wiſhed an opportunity to approach ſo ſacred and diſtinguiſhed a character; and I now come forwards on my knee, with the profoundeſt humility of thoſe creatures, which form a part of my preſent ſubject. As your illuſtrious birth defies the ambition of mere human words on the one hand, ſo your unparalleled virtues annihilate the force of terreſtrial compliments on the other: I ſhall therefore on thoſe heads obſerve a religious ſilence. Yet ſo far I muſt implore liberty of doing violence to your delicacy, as to remark that you are at once the pattern, and paragon of the age—that your beauty, wit, graces, and taſte, are the envy of one ſex, as your judgment and genius are the aſtoniſhment and motives of deſpair in the other. People of faſhion in other ages, have undoubtedly poſſeſſed ſome

lebrated, he is ſtill a benefactor to that character, if it were only for jogging the elbow of the public, which, but for ſuch occaſional mementos

admirable qualities. One woman may perhaps have been almoſt as handſome; a ſecond may have been almoſt as agreeable; a a third may have poſſibly poſſeſſed equal ſenſibility; and a fourth may have been nearly as liberal. But the grand conſolidation, and concentration—the univerſal aſſemblage of bewitching accompliſhments, each collected together, ray by ray, and blazing to a point, like a July ſun, was reſerved for that curioſity of providence the amiable Lady * * * * * * * *

I humbly implore forgiveneſs for this intruſion, which I will only lengthen by beſeeching your grace—I mean your Ladyſhip—

mentos would ſoon forget the beſt and brighteſt man in the world.

Seriouſly, were literary perſons to act upon ſome ſuch principle as this, and ſhew their Patrons, that the dealing, was, in point both of praiſe and profit, entirely on

ſhip—though a Dutcheſs you ought to be —will permit me to aſſure you.

How ſincerely I am,
And
Eternally will be,
Your Ladyſhip's
Moſt obliged,
Moſt obedient,
Obſequious,
Devoted ſlave,
And very zealous ſervant,
——* *—*—*"

Liberal Opinions, Vol. I.

the

the ſquare, it would check much of that aſſurance which is now indulged, on the ſuppoſition, that writers are to offer incenſe at the ſhrine of greatneſs; or,—in words more worthy ſo groveling a ſubject, to making the faggot blaze to gratify folly, and then to be paid for burning the fingers, as the pittance is diſpenſed by a taſk-maſter. Of much more ſervice, indeed, would it be to genius, ſcience, and general learning, if their votaries were more inclined to cheriſh a ſpirit of intellectual independency—if, inſtead of cringing to a courtier, or running, from the moſt ſordid motives, into panegerical hyperbole, they were to aſſert their

their dignity; and ſhew the ſuperior * luſtre of talents to the dullneſs of titles,

* Of this intellectual ſuperiority, we have the corroborating evidence of the INCOMPARABLE VOLTAIRE, in the following ſentiments, taken from his "Letters concerning the Engliſh Nation."

"The circumſtance which moſtly encourages the arts in England, is the great veneration which is paid them. The picture of the Prime Miniſter hangs over the chimney of his own cloſet, but I have ſeen that of Mr. Pope in twenty noblemen's houſes. Sir Iſaac Newton was revered in his life-time, and had a due reſpect paid to him after his death; the greateſt men in the nation diſputing who ſhould have the honour of holding up his pall. Go into Weſtminſter Abbey, and you will find, that what raiſes the admiration of the ſpectator is not the Mauſoleums

titles, I ſay, if a ſpirit of this kind were aroufed, it would ſoon reſtore to men of genius, the original rights of literature, at the ſame time that it would effectually cruſh that daring inſolence, which is now common among a ſet of people, who pique themſelves upon advantages which,

Mauſoleums of the Engliſh kings, but the monuments, which the gratitude of the nation has erected to perpetuate the memory of thoſe illuſtrious men who contributed to its glory. We view their ſtatues in that Abbey in the ſame manner, as thoſe of Sophocles, Plato, and other immortal perſonages, were viewed in Athens; and I am perſuaded, that the bare ſight of thoſe glorious monuments has fired more than one breaſt, and been the occaſion of their becoming great men."

Voltaire.

were

were the proper levelling power maintained, would, of itſelf, by no means entitle them to equal honours.

Inſtead of this ſpirited conduct, however, we have the misfortune to perceive a ſtyle of baſeneſs and adulation, creep through moſt of the epiſtles dedicatory for the ſpace of ſeveral centuries; by which means flattery and fulſomeneſs is aſſociated with the very idea of thoſe addreſſes, and the literary character is held, by the dulleſt of the ſpecies, in utter contempt.

What hath, undoubtedly, contributed to bring about ſo diſgrace-

ful a circumſtance, is a cuſtom which prevails amongſt authors, of ſwelling the ignorant vanity of Patrons, by ſubmitting to them a performance prior to its entry into the public world : this mode, might, indeed, be reaſonable enough, were it only deſigned as a compliment to the taſte of the Patron, which the Authors may be ſuppoſed anxious to gratify, before the matter becomes, as it were, public property; but when it is done with a view of begging permiſſion to ſay civil things of the Patron and his family, it degenerates into a meanneſs which juſtly merits the neglect that commonly attends it.

Aſk

Aſk permiſſion! for what? For diſtinguiſhing a man? For circulating the knowledge of his good qualities beyond the narrow circle of, very likely, a frivolous ſet of companions! Require *leave* to do this! —Was there ever heard ſuch an inconſiſtency?—The point is miſconceived. Be it again remarked, that, in true ſcience, there is a greatneſs which can ſeldom *receive*, though it may often, *confer* obligations. Genius may more properly be ſaid to patronize, than be patronized.

If a production is fit for the eye of men of taſte, it ought to be acceptable to men of rank; who are

ready enough to be thought in poſſeſſion of a fine taſte themſelves, and very frequently, no doubt, pay liberally, for their dedications, ſolely upon that principle.

If, on the other hand, a performance is crude, trifling, ill-written, and, notwithſtanding ſuch defects, is, without the conſent of the Patron, adorned with a name which it diſgraces, ſuch patron ought publicly to renounce his protection, and treat the pretender, as every pretender of whatever profeſſion deſerves to be treated; ſtill, however, with this ſalvo, that if the production could have done any ſervice to literature, or promoted, but in a

ſmall

ſmall degree, the cauſe of ſcience, he would have been the firſt man to acknowledge *his obligations*, for having been thought a fit patron to aſſiſt that cauſe, and ſtrengthen thoſe ſervices.—While the preſent ſcandalous conceſſions remain, the ſneer will inevitably be thrown upon ſuch abominable proſtration. I have been ſomewhat copious on this ſubject, becauſe it has never, to my recollection, been placed in a proper light.

Perhaps, this doctrine of dedications, may be little reliſhed by thoſe who are daily pampered into conceit by daily panegyric, but it is a juſtice which every man of letters

owes to a character, founded on qualities, which ought to be a better paſſport to honorary diſtinctions, than any that can be conferred by royal grant, or by the pride of anceſtry.

On ſuch qualities was founded the reputation of David Hume, ſo that upon *this* occaſion, at leaſt, his example may be held up to perſons engaged in literary purſuits, as a proper ſtandard.

SEC-

SECTION IV.

OF HUME'S PRINCIPLES, AND HIS MOTIVE FOR MAKING THEM PUBLIC, WITH SOME REMARKS ON HIS CONDUCT IN HIS LAST MOMENTS.

BUT to go on with the moral character of David Hume. Whoever places the writings of this Philoſopher beſide thoſe of many Chriſtian authors who have been much celebrated for them, will be able to judge without prejudice. It is impoſſible for the ſentiments of the elegant Tillotſon, or the orthodox Addiſon, to be more the champions of every part of

conduct, which tends to the welfare of the ſocial world, than thoſe ſentiments which are to be collected from Hume—Nay, the moſt rational ſpirit of morality, the moſt likely of all others in the world, to affect this, breathes ardently through all his philoſophy: elegance of taſte, chaſtity of ſentiment, delicacy of paſſion, decency of manners, love of truth, command of paſſion, cultivation of friendſhip, and the good order, and political proſperity of the ſtate, are every where recommended. Very few of our eminent writers on the oppoſite ſide of the queſtion can ſay as much. But, with reſpect to Mr. Hume, every

effort

effort of his pen ſtands in teſtimony of it.

Theſe obſervations cannot, nevertheleſs, be called ſceptical. I do not, nor ſhall I preſume to ſay, how far Hume's philoſophy was right or erroneous in its *principle*. Sufficient for my purpoſe, if I can convince any reader (that might heſitate before) of his *conſiſtency with himſelf*: a point, which, is of the utmoſt conſequence to the cauſe of *every* ſyſtem, be its purport, and its objects what they may.

The ſcience purſued with ſuch vigorous curioſity by Hume was, to uſe his own expreſſions, "to know

know the different operations of the mind, to ſeparate them from each other, to claſs them under their proper heads, and to correct all that ſeeming diſorder, in which they lie involved, when made the object of reflection and enquiry!"

It hath, generally, been thought that, our author carried this mental geography, as he calls it, too far into the realms of ſcepticiſm, and into the abſtruſe, bewildering deſerts of unchearful metaphyſics. Yet, however ardent he was in ſpeculations of this abſtract and difficult nature, no one will deny, that he drew the form of virtue, upon all occaſions, as the moſt lovely and eſtimable

eſtimable of all objects. He firmly believed, that, in ſome very important reſpects, truth was overwhelmed in error and ſuperſtition; he was, therefore, ſufficiently enterprizing to try, if, by the aids of application, care, art, and diſcriminating accuracy, he could not "unite the boundaries of the different ſpecies of philoſophy, by reconciling profound enquiry with clearneſs, and truth with novelty."

This, it is confeſſed, was the labour of a long, healthy, and contemplative life: he perſiſted in the purſuit, in defiance of all oppoſing fatigues, clamours, oppoſitions, neglects, oppreſſions. It could not be

be the love of an eſtabliſhed literary fame, that urged him to the proſecution of ſuch reſearches, becauſe he knew there was, in *his* ſpecies of philoſophy, an abſtractedneſs, as well as a ſuppoſed ſpirit of fallacy, which, could not, in the nature of things, and certain prevailing modes, become for many ages, either a popular, or a pleaſing ſcience. It was, to all intents and purpoſes, "*caviare* to the multitude." Nay, he was well perſuaded of all this, not only by the odium which was caſt upon his Treatiſe on Human Nature, which "fell dead born from the preſs," but alſo from the following paſſage, which ſhews how little hope he had of making the abſtruſe phi-

loſophy

loſophy ſo generally reliſhed as that which is more gay, elegant, and ſuperficial. "Nothing can be more uſeful," ſays he, "than compoſitions of the eaſy ſtyle and manner, which draw not too much from life, require no deep application, to be comprehended: and ſend back the ſtudent among mankind, full of noble ſentiments and wiſe precepts, applicable to every exigence of human life. By means of ſuch compoſitions, virtue becomes amiable, ſcience agreeable, company inſtructive, and refinement entertaining."

A Philoſopher of Hume's cloſe, and difficult reaſoning, who was hardy enough to ſcrutinize ſubjects, imagined

imagined to puzzle more, as they are more inveſtigated—a man, who had either patience or fortitude enough to cultivate metaphyſical ſcience, with a determined view of overturning, and eradicating, root and branch, prejudices which appeared *to him* at leaſt, to merit an anaylſis which ſhould prove their futility.—Such a man, could not expect the ſame eclat with the generality of mankind, as thoſe who only played prettily on the ſurface of "a more eaſy and obvious philoſophy." Hume contented himſelf with leſs general gratifications. His own remarks very fully convince us what he felt, what he

expected, and what he enjoyed on this ſubject.

Speaking of the common diſtaſte to which men have for ſpeculations that require *thinking*, to comprehend them, he hath theſe ſentiments in the firſt ſection of his Enquiry concerning Human Underſtanding.

" But may we not hope, that philoſophy, if cultivated with care, and encouraged by the attention of the public, may carry its reſearches ſtill farther, and diſcover, at leaſt in ſome degree, the ſecret ſprings and principles, by which the human mind is actuated in its operations? Aſtronomers had long contented themſelves

themſelves with proving, from the phænomena, the true motions, order, and magnitude of the heavenly bodies: till a philoſopher, at laſt, aroſe, who ſeems, from the happieſt reaſoning, to have alſo determined the laws and forces, by which the revolutions of the planets are governed and directed. The like has been performed with regard to other parts of nature. And there is no reaſon to deſpair of equal ſucceſs in our enquiries concerning the mental powers and œconomy, if proſecuted with equal capacity and caution. It is probable, that one operation and principle of the mind depends on another; which, again, may be reſolved into one more general

neral and univerſal: and how far theſe reſearches may poſſibly be carried, it will be difficult for us, before, or even after, a careful trial, exactly to determine. This is certain, that attempts of this kind are every day made even by thoſe who philoſophize the moſt negligently: and nothing can be more requiſite than to enter upon the enterprize with thorough care and attention; that, if it lie within the compaſs of human underſtanding, it may at laſt be happily atchieved; if not, it may, however, be rejected with ſome confidence and ſecurity. This laſt concluſion, ſurely, is not deſirable; nor ought it to be embraced too raſhly. For how much muſt we

diminiſh from the beauty and value of this ſpecies of philoſophy, upon ſuch a ſuppoſition? Moraliſts have hitherto been accuſtomed, when they conſidered the vaſt multitude and diverſity of actions that excite our approbation or diſlike, to ſearch for ſome common principle, on which this variety of ſentiments might depend. And though they have ſometimes carried the matter too far, by their paſſion for ſome one general principle, it muſt, however, be confeſſed, that they are excuſable in expecting to find ſome general principles, into which all the vices and virtues were juſtly to be reſolved. The like has been the endeavour of critics, logicians, and even politi-

cians: nor have their attempts been wholly unſucceſsful; though perhaps longer time, greater accuracy, and more ardent application, may bring theſe ſciences ſtill nearer their perfection. To throw up at once all pretenſions of this kind may juſtly be deemed more raſh, precipitate, and dogmatical, than even the boldeſt and moſt affirmative philoſophy, which has ever attempted to impoſe its crude dictates and principles on mankind.

"What though theſe reaſonings concerning human nature ſeem abſtract, and of difficult comprehenſion? This affords no preſumption of their falſehood. On the contrary,

it ſeems impoſſible, that what has hitherto eſcaped ſo many wiſe and profound philoſophers can be very obvious and eaſy. And whatever pains theſe reſearches may coſt us, we may think ourſelves ſufficiently rewarded, not only in point of profit but of pleaſure, if, by that means, we can make any addition to our ſtock of knowledge, in ſubjects of ſuch unſpeakable importance."

But as we read Mr. Hume's life, written by his own hand, we ſhall have freſh opportunities to clear up any doubts that may remain of his ſincerity. It ſeems pretty evident, that the little ſketch, called MY OWN LIFE, was thought neceſſary, by Mr. Hume, to

be before hand with his philoſophic antagoniſts, whom, he foreſaw, would raiſe new outcries againſt him, upon the ideas they might indulge concerning thoſe cloſing ſenſations which would attack him, within ſight of the grave. To prevent little triumphs of this nature, I ſay, it is highly probable he choſe the fairer method of being his *own* hiſtorian; and never was there a biographical tract drawn up by any man in the higheſt health, with more coolneſs, more conciſeneſs, more impartiality.

He ſat down to this extraordinary employment, and took up the pen, exactly at the time that hundreds—I might, I believe, extend

the number, to thouſands,—were thinking he would begin the bitter groans of recantation. I certainly ſhall not take upon me to ſay how far this employment was proper, but the annals of the world cannot poſſibly produce any inſtance, whereby philoſophy became ſo much *of a piece*. Whatever were the ſingularities of that philoſophy, I once more inſiſt upon it, it was a ſtrong evidence that he diſdained any of the popular hypocriſy now in vogue. He could not counterfeit the alterations which he did not feel riſen in his mind; he was calm enough to give a candid account of his literary life, when he *knew* himſelf to be *incurable*.

After

After he had written it, he obſerves the ſame tranquil compoſure, in regard to the nearer approaches of death: Nay, ſuch was his ſteadineſs to the principles by which he was directed, that, in a codicil to his will, he deſired the narrative of his life might be prefixed to the next edition of his works.

Having finiſhed the account of his life, he had no farther opportunity to employ the pen, except from time to time, to ſend notes of information to the tender enquiries of his friends; among the moſt beloved and diſtinguiſhed of theſe, appears to have been Mr. Adam Smith, to whom, two or three days before

the ſtroke which carried him out of the world, he ſent the following letter.

" MY DEAREST FRIEND.

" I am obliged to make uſe of my Nephew's hand in writing to you; as I do not riſe to day. * * * * * * * * *

" I go very faſt to decline, and laſt night had a ſmall fever, which I hoped, might put a quicker period to this tedious illneſs, but unluckily it has, in a great meaſure, gone off. I cannot ſubmit to your coming over here on my account, as it is poſſible for me to ſee you ſo ſmall a part of the day; but Doctor Black can better inform

inform you concerning the degree of ſtrength, which may, from time to time, remain with me. Adieu, &c."

This letter, may be brought, by every man who wiſhes well to Hume's Philoſophy, as another inſtance of that invariable congruity, with which he maintained his character. *Heroiſm*, on theſe occaſions approaches, for the moſt part, ſo near to *enthuſiaſm*, and *that* is ſo cloſely allied to abſolute *frenzy*, that I ſhall not hazard ſuch an appellation. I ſhall not ſay Hume died like a *hero*; I will content myſelf with ſaying, that he died like a *Philoſopher*; perhaps, the word

word * *Philoſophy*, hath no very preciſe idea, generally affixed to it; becauſe,

* The beſt and exacteſt definition of the *true*, as diſtinguiſhable from the *adulterate* on the one hand, and the *ſuperficial*, Philoſopher on the other, is defined by our Author, and diſcovers, in a very preciſe and affirmative manner, not only the thing itſelf, but his *own indefatigable character*.

" The other ſpecies of philoſophers conſider man in the light of a reaſonable rather than an active being, and endeavour to form his underſtanding more than cultivate his manners. They regard human nature as a ſubject of ſpeculation; and with a narrow ſcrutiny examine it, in order to find thoſe principles, which regulate our underſtanding, excite our ſentiments, and make us approve or blame any particular object, action, or behaviour. They think it a reproach

becauſe, it has been much confounded with the pragmatical pretenſions of

proach to all literature, that philoſophy ſhould not yet have fixed, beyond controverſy, the foundation of morals, reaſoning, and criticiſm; and ſhould for ever talk of truth and falſehood, vice and virtue, beauty and deformity, without being able to determine the ſource of theſe diſtinctions. While they attempt this arduous taſk, they are deterred by no difficulties; but proceeding from particular inſtances to general principles, they ſtill puſh on their inquiries to principles more general, and reſt not ſatisfied till they arrive at thoſe *original* principles, by which, in every ſcience, all human curioſity muſt be bounded. Though their ſpeculations ſeem abſtract, and even unintelligible to common readers, they aim at the approbation of the learned and the wiſe; and think themſelves ſufficiently compenſated

of the ignorant, the affected, and the ſuperficial. There is a true, and a falſe philoſopher. Mr. Hume is to be claſſed amongſt the nobleſt of the *former* kind. He founded his ſyſtem upon thought, ſcience, argument, and reaſonings, which, after many aſſiduous years, remained, in his mind, the ſame. Neither could the diſſipation of youth allure him from his favourite ſtudies, nor could the threats of diſſolution itſelf frighten him from making preparations for a *new* edition of thoſe works, which were to deſtroy, what

penſated for the labours of their whole lives, if they can diſcover ſome hidden truths, which may contribute to the inſtruction of poſterity."

he

he conſidered, as the prevailing ſyſtems of *ſuperſtition*.

In ſupport of theſe obſervations, we may very properly call in the letter of his * phyſician, written the day after the deceaſe of his patient.

Edinburgh, Monday, 26th Auguſt, 1776.

" DEAR SIR,

" Yeſterday about four o'clock afternoon, Mr. Hume expired. The near approach of his death became evident in the night between Thurſday and Friday, when his diſeaſe became exceſſive, and ſoon weakened him ſo much, that he could no

* Dr. Black, of Edinburgh, univerſally known, beloved, and admired, as a friend, a phyſician, his chymical ſkill, and as a man.

longer

longer riſe out of his bed. He continued to the laſt perfectly ſenſible, and free from much pain or feelings of diſtreſs. He never dropped the ſmalleſt expreſſion of impatience; but when he had occaſion to ſpeak to the people about him, always did it with affection and tenderneſs. I thought it improper to write to bring you over, eſpecially as I heard that he had dictated a letter to you deſiring you not to come. When he became very weak, it coſt him an effort to ſpeak, and he died in ſuch a happy compoſure of mind, that nothing could exceed it."

Who would not wiſh, after reading this account, that *their* end, may be like *his* ?

SEC-

SECTION V.

PARALLEL BETWIXT HUME AND LORD CHESTERFIELD; BOTH WITH RESPECT TO ABILITIES, AND PRINCIPLES.

WE have now ſurveyed our object in the moſt trying moments —We have ſeen him ſuperior to all ordinary terrors, and equal to all occaſions. It is taken for granted, therefore, that as a philoſopher, both in precept and practice, it will be allowed he was compleat, exact, un-

unchangeable—that, whether wrong or right, he acted, immediately, from his own bosom conviction; a conviction grounded upon intense and abstract attention, and not taken up suddenly without respect either to cause or to consequence. Thus far, then, the point is cleared before me; but I cannot persuade myself to resign Mr. Hume till I have done ampler justice to his memory, and to that social, and *honest* conduct which so much endears it.

I would draw a slight parallel betwixt this gentlemen, and another celebrated writer, who descended into the tomb a little before him. I would persuade the reader to compare

pare with me the ſyſtem of David Hume, and that of the late Earl of Cheſterfield. Not with a view of propoſing the former to his imitation—for that point ſhould always be ſettled by a man's own mind, after a great deal of premeditation upon the matter—but, as it may ſerve to ſhew, what hath, indeed, been a principal endeavour in theſe pages, that it is poſſible even for ſceptics, to be more worthy members of ſociety, more reverend to a firſt cauſe, whatever it may be, and more eſſentially the friend* of mankind, than the moſt illuſtrious

* Thus it is more and more obvious, that, the deſire of literary fame, had not the great-

illuſtrious perſons who have never ventured ſo far into the receſſes of enquiry.

eſt ſhare in prevailing with Mr. Hume to perſiſt in a philoſophy little underſtood, little liked, and much diſreliſhed by the moſt powerful bodies in the world, to wit, the ſuperſtitious and hypocritical.

He was, therefore, not only a *conſiſtent*, but an *honeſt* writer. After he had tried the experiment with his unfortunate Treatiſe and failed: after he had, in *vain*, caſt anew the Enquiry concerning Human Nature: after he had publiſhed his Moral and Political Eſſays, with as little ſucceſs: after the appearance of his Natural Hiſtory of Religion had met with a very cool reception; after all theſe mortifications, as he himſelf terms them, after all theſe variety of "winds and ſeaſons," to which his writings had been expoſed, with only thoſe little gales of fugitive good fortune, to conſole him; the railing of Doctor Warburton, and the illiberality

enquiry. Lord Chesterfield was a character more distinguished for the brilliancy

rality of Bishop Hurd; such "was the force of his natural temper," such his "unsurmountable aversion to every thing but the pursuits of philosophy" that, we find, by his dying confession, "these disappointments made little or no impression on him." "I was ever more disposed," says he, "to see the favourable than unfavourable side of things; a turn of mind, which it is more happy to possess, than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year."

From these several circumstances, nothing can be plainer, than that, he was a serious enquirer into the extent of the human understanding: that he submitted patiently to every impediment that arose in the progress of so arduous and unpopular a contemplation: that he was neither attracted by fame,

brilliancy of his wit, than the ſolider powers of his underſtanding.—In points

nor deterred by cenſure. If he hath too fully indulged his paſſion, he did not err from any deſire to *deceive*, becauſe he certainly hoped to extricate truth from obſcurity, and abſurdity. If he was too adventrous he had the ſingular merit of not expecting either reputation or fortune for his miſtakes. In one ſentence, to concenter the whole force of his Apology, by clearing him of the moſt univerſal crime of all ages—*He was no Hypocrite.*

Violent verbal aſſeverations, and religious tenacity of opinion are exceedingly ſuſpicious to the judicious, though they captivate and enthral the vulgar and ſimple. I muſt once more advert to a horrid contradiction

points of philoſophy, he was exceedingly ſuperficial, in politics he did

diction of the zealots—the little correſpondence, and, indeed, generally ſpeaking, the conſtant quarrelling there is betwixt their precept, and practice! Well might Hume obſerve, that, if we examime the lives of theſe men, we ſhould ſcarcely think that they repoſed the ſmalleſt confidence in their pious proteſtations. What! cannot the delightful belief of an ever-protecting real Preſence,—cannot the charming hopes of Omnipotent favour, nor the merits of a Saviour, nor the expectations of a bleſſed Immortality, infuſe into theſe ſluggiſh religioniſts, an emulative ſpirit to exceed the goodneſs, and common conduct of men, like David Hume, who believed all theſe fair proſpects, to be "a riddle, an ænigma, an inexplicable myſtery."

did not want ſagacity or experience. Aſſiſted, however, very much, by the ſplendours of his title—for a little ſpark will make a large luſtre in a Lord—he ſuſtained his character with ſingular eclat, and

Shall the very ſages of our church, the examples and repreſentatives of a Redeemer, be covetous, vain, diſſolute, voluptuous, fraudulent, abandoned? while thoſe, who, profeſſedly, ſit looſe to the letter of the law, are, by the ſettled force of mere philoſophy, temperate, moderate, ſober? What pretenſions can men have to credit who belie *themſelves?* I ſtill diſpute not the propriety of the Chriſtian Religion, but I muſt be candid enough to confeſs, I lay no great ſtreſs upon the manner of ſome of its *followers*, — and yet they have modeſty enough to be very angry if any one queſtions their ſincereſt pretenſions.

paſſed

paſſed in the world (which is very eaſily dazzled) as a compound of elegance, humour, *morality*, gaiety, and patronage.—Theſe qualities, in a certain degree, we allow him to have poſſeſſed, except one: it certainly is not now neceſſary to obſerve that it is the word *morality* which muſt be ſcratched out of this liſt. For many years, however, Lord Cheſterfield's *morals* were unſuſpected; at length, too ſuperficial to be conſiſtent, or, perhaps, weary of deceiving the world into notions of his plain-dealing, he condeſcended, in the eve of life, to ſhew mankind what a bubble he had made of it; how long, and how ſucceſsfully he had ſported up-

on its weakneſſes—with how much eaſe he had played the elegant trifler, and by what modes and manœuvres, he had, with a facility which required no effort but a ſmooth face, and pliable features, led, in victorious chains, a thouſand fools to the altars either of ridicule, or debauchery, or deſtruction.

Such were the principles; ſuch is the ſyſtem of this *diſtinguiſhed hypocrite*, by the adoption of whoſe precepts, it is utterly impoſſible either for youth or age, wit or wiſdom, to eſcape every thing that is execrable, contemptible, and deluſive. The atheiſtical Hume, as ſome have called him, was, in compariſon with Cheſter-

Chesterfield, deserving of every epithet that could be formed in language to express virtue. In his life, writing, and at his death, he seems to have abhorred *dissimulation*; and yet, his company "was not unacceptible to the young and careless, as well as to the studious, and literary;" nor had he "any reason to complain of the reception he met from *modest* women, in whose company he was particularly delighted." He did not, nevertheless, profess a fondness for the society of *modest* women, because it was *safer* to have an affair of gallantry with such, than with a prostitute professed; or because the connection was more elevated and consistent with the amours of

of a gentleman; nor did he mix with the gay, and careleſs, with any latent deſign to take an advantage of the chearful hour, in order to make himſelf maſter of the ſecrets of the heart, imparted in its fullneſs—and conſequently maſter of the perſon to whom that entrapped heart had the misfortune to belong. By no means.—Whatever objections may lie againſt the philoſophy of Hume; none of them are of this nature; ſince his moſt abſtract reſearches were in favor of a behaviour perfectly irreproachable.

Whoever is acquainted with Mr. Hume's writings, will bear witneſs, that he was a lover of decency, or-

der and decorum. Whoever knew the man, can atteſt, that, the following paſſages are no wiſe exaggerated.

"I *am*," ſays he, "or rather *was*, (for that is the ſtyle I muſt now uſe in ſpeaking of myſelf, which emboldens me the more to ſpeak my ſentiments); I was, I ſay, a man of mild diſpoſitions, of command of temper, of an open, ſocial, and cheerful humour, capable of attachment, but little ſuſceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my paſſions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling paſſion, never ſoured my temper, notwithſtanding my frequent diſappointments. My

company

company was not unacceptable to the young and careleſs, as well as to the ſtudious and literary; and as I took a particular pleaſure in the company of modeſt women, I had no reaſon to be diſpleaſed with the reception I met with from them. In a word, though moſt men any wiſe eminent, have found reaſon to complain of calumny, I never was touched, or even attacked by her baleful tooth: and though I wantonly expoſed myſelf to the rage of both civil and religious factions, they ſeemed to be diſarmed in my behalf of their wonted fury. My friends never had occaſion to vindicate any one circumſtance of my character and conduct: not but

that

that the zealots, we may well ſuppoſe, would have been glad to invent and propagate any ſtory to my diſadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability. I cannot ſay there is no vanity in making this funeral oration of myſelf, but I hope it is not a miſplaced one; and this is a matter of fact which is eaſily cleared and aſcertained."

To a character ſo amiable, ſo complacent, and ſo little tinctured by that pedantry which always ſticks to an *affected* philoſopher, *who*, that hath any ſenſe of agreeable qualities, will ever bring near him ſuch a frivolous compound of whim, wickedneſs,

neſs, cunning, and congee, as Lord Cheſterfield; unleſs, indeed, he is brought forward by way of contraſt. There appears likewiſe to me, to have been as wide a difference in the ſize of their abilities, as there was in the honeſty of their principles: every page in thoſe Letters, which have laid open his Lordſhip's hypocriſy, furniſhes us with examples of his futility: it would be the drudgery of a day to detect a ſingle light ſentence in Hume. The Earl of Cheſterfield's utmoſt ſtretch of penetration, amounts to little more than ſhrewdneſs, partly caught from the ſuggeſtions of a mind naturally ſuſpicious, and partly from obſervations upon the weakneſſes,

and

and tender imperfections of men leſs capable to diſſemble. This faculty, is at beſt, but a principal ingredient in the character of a *cunning* fellow, who, as it were, by imperceptible ſlight of hand, hath the art of appearing what he is not; and of cheating you, with ſingular dexterity, even before your face.

But all the fame, or popular etiquette that could poſſibly ariſe from ſuch practices, Hume would have diſcarded with diſdain. And, chiefly for two reaſons: firſt, his genius had not a ſingle grain of the petit maitre in it, which, by the way, was a conſiderable ingredient in Lord Cheſterfield's; and, ſecondly, he had too much dignity in his nature

ture, and too juſt a ſenſe of the ſocial compact between the individual, and the whole human race, to find any zeſt in gratifications, which emanated from, neither more, nor leſs, than flagrant treachery. Hence it appears obvious enough, that the Earl of Cheſterfield's heart and head, were both unable to bear any ſort of parallel, with the head and heart of David Hume. The one is the Author of a ſyſtem which ſeems to have been pillaged from the Dancing-maſter, the Perfumer, and the Devil: the other purſues a philoſophy, which, with all its exceptions, gives countenance neither to the follies of a coxcomb, nor the meanneſs, and

miſchief of a hypocrite—a wretch, which, in the courſe of theſe pages, hath been marked with ſingular reprobation; and above all other hypocrites, one that, in a kind of moral maſquerade dreſs, perpetrates every baſeneſs, and paſſes upon the world as a *mighty good Chriſtian creature.*

SECTION VI.

OF PROPER CAUTIONS PRIOR TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF OUR RELIGIOUS CREDENDA.

WITH regard to the ſceptical doubts which might ſtart into the philoſophical and reaſoning mind of Mr. Hume, it is, I once more repeat, no part of my office, to defend or to cenſure them. As a variety of men have employed their talents on *one* ſide of an important ſubject, he hath taken the liberty, as a philoſopher, to offer his opinions,

nions, on the *other* ſide: conſidered in the light of ſpeculation, this is certainly fair; for who can circumſcribe the efforts of a mind, bent for any length of time, on one favourite point?

The ſyſtems of either party, however, ought not to ſway any man againſt the concurrence of his own reaſon; for, at that rate, one might be a Chriſtian, a Deiſt, a Mahometan, or an Atheiſt, in obedience to the bidding of another: by which means our religion would have more colours than the camelion, and more alterations than Proteus. A ſenſible man, will never have ſervility enough for this. If he is yet

uneſtabliſhed in his more ſerious tenets, he will ſee what can be ſaid both *for* and *againſt*: of oppoſite principles, it is his buſineſs to fix upon thoſe which appear the moſt congruous, and probable. * Reaſon and

* Reaſon, indeed, I know not why, hath long been *unreaſonably* denied a proper exerciſe of her power, in religious matters; while Faith is honoured with the priviledge of inſiſting upon implicit obedience: yet the former, is called the nobleſt faculty of human nature, and the latter, ſhould, certainly, only be allowed to follow in the train. The common argument, is little more than this,—You muſt believe, becauſe you muſt believe. It is in vain to pretend any regard to probabilities; or to urge, againſt things ſacred, the convictions of cloſe reaſoning—Reaſon is out of the queſtion.—Is it not written in *the Book?*

and his feelings may generally be truſted upon the occaſion. But let

Book? The queſtion, to be ſure, muſt not be anſwered, but in one way. You *muſt* have Faith.—Now, it appears to me, that to call Reaſon our ſovereign diſtinction, and yet reject its influence in points of eternal moment, while we affect to obſerve its dictates in matters indifferent, is juſt as rational as if we were to hold ſacred and obligatory, thoſe edicts of parliament which regulate our more public ſpectacles,—ſuch as plays and puppet-ſhews; while we ſnap our fingers at the ſtate, and the perſonage who rules it, whenever a mandate is iſſued for the good order, and welfare of what is moſt important to the policy, power, or proſperity of nations. This method of *forcing* any particular faith upon a man, though it is taking an enemy by ſurpriſe, is, yet,

let him not be haſty, nor yet vibrate equipoiſ'd too long, between fluctuat-

ridiculous enough in its nature, to admit an illuſtration, in the following paſſages from Henry Fielding's Romance of Joſeph Andrews.

" Mr. Barnabas was again ſent for, and with much difficulty prevailed on to make another viſit. As ſoon as he entered the room, he told Joſeph, ' he was come to pray by him, and to prepare him for another world: In the firſt place therefore, he hoped he had repented of all his ſins?' Joſeph anſwered, ' he hoped he had: but there was no one thing which he knew not whether he ſhould call a ſin; if it was, he feared he ſhould die in the commiſſion of it, and that was the regret of parting with a young woman, whom he loved as tenderly as he did his heart-ſtrings!'

fluctuating ſentiments. *Fixing*, let him *fix*; unleſs, afterwards, upon, very

ſtrings?' Barnabas bad him be aſſured, that 'any repining at the Divine Will, was one of the greateſt ſins he could commit; that he ought to forget all carnal affections, and think of better things.' Joſeph ſaid, 'that neither in this world, nor the next, he could forget his Fanny, and that the thought, however grievous, of parting from her for ever, was not half ſo tormenting, as the fear of what ſhe would ſuffer when ſhe knew his misfortune.' Barnabas ſaid, 'that ſuch fears argued a diffidence and deſpondence very criminal; that he muſt diveſt himſelf of all human paſſion, and fix his heart above.' Joſeph anſwered, 'that was what he deſired to do, and ſhould be obliged to him, if he would enable him to accompliſh it.' Barnabas replied, 'that muſt be done by Grace.' Joſeph beſought him to diſcover

very cautious, and clear grounds, he hath weighty arguments to warrant

how he might attain it.' Barnabas anſwered, 'by Prayer and Faith.' He then queſtioned him concerning his forgiveneſs of the Thieves. Joſeph anſwered, 'he feared, that was more than he could do: for nothing would give him more pleaſure than to hear they were taken.' 'That,' cries Barnabas, 'is for the ſake of juſtice.' 'Yes,' ſaid Joſeph, 'but if I was to meet them again, I am afraid I ſhould attack them, and kill them too, if I could.' 'Doubtleſs,' anſwered Barnabas, 'it is lawful to kill a thief: but can you ſay, you forgive them as a Chriſtian ought?' Joſeph deſired to know what that forgiveneſs was. 'That is,' anſwered Barnabas, 'to forgive them as——as ——it is to forgive them as——in ſhort, it is to forgive them as a Chriſtian.' Joſeph replied, 'he forgave them as much as he could.'

rant an alteration. If his intellect is *found* enough for ſcience,—ſhallow-

could.' 'Well, well,' ſaid Barnabas, 'that will do.' 'He then demanded of him, if he remembered any more ſins unrepented of; and if he did, he deſired him to make haſte and repent of them as faſt as he could: that they might repeat over a few prayers together.' Joſeph anſwered, 'he could not recollect any great crimes he had been guilty of, and that thoſe he had committed, he was ſincerely ſorry for.' Barnabas ſaid that was enough, and then proceeded to prayer with all the expedition he was maſter of: ſome company then waiting for him below in the parlour, where the ingredients for punch were all in readineſs; but no one would ſqeeze the oranges till he came."

I am afraid the arguments of Mr. Barnabas are, for the moſt part, full as cogent

as

lowneſs is perilous in philoſophy, as well as learning,—he can receive no injury from having heard both the pro and con. The caſe of a Judge upon a cauſe, brings the matter home to the " buſineſs and

as thoſe which impoſe a ſyſtem upon us, without allowing us to conſult the underſtanding.——Are they *afraid* we ſhould refer to ſo ſober an authority as Reaſon? Is it for their *intereſt* to make us the mere tools of credulity? Is it political to beat us, *vi, et armis,* into adoption of their favourite tenets? Such an aſſault upon vulgar, timid minds, may be very alarming; but, I confeſs, I could never be inclined, either to Dieſm, Mahomatiſm, or Chriſtianity by *compulſion.* The Philoſopher, will, ſo far at leaſt, be a free agent, and, like poor Joſeph, believe *as well,* and *as much as he can.*

boſom" more familiarly. A magiſtrate is not qualified to decide of any point before him, till witneſſes on *both* ſides are examined: to theſe, very often, for conſcience ſake, are added croſs-examinations, to ſee if the ſtory told any other way, hath the ſame conſiſtence and congruity. The evidence once ſatisfactory to the ſenſes of the judge, and all doubt removed by ſeveral facts, each agreeing with the other, and all reſolving themſelves into an harmonious whole, he proceeds, without farther debate or delay, to the final ſentence, which, whether it diſpenſes life or death, is given with the ſame firmneſs, energy, and reſolution.

Similar

Similar to this, ſhould be the procedure of any perſon uneſtabliſhed in his religious concerns. It is too important an article to take upon mere truſt. A thinking man will not be a Deiſt, or a Chriſtian, only becauſe his father before him, and all the other branches of his family were one of thoſe. He will look with an eye of penetration into the circumſtances: he will ſee why, wherefore, and upon what conſiderations, this adopts Chriſtianity, that Deiſm. He will compare one ſyſtem to another; examine their diſtinct parts, and correſpondencies. —Trace out the points where they ſeparate, where they blend: in what they are utterly different, and where-

in they are obviouſly, or apparently analogous.

When this ſober taſk is diligently done, let reaſon aſſert her dignity, and having ſcrutinized liberally, let her liberally determine. To which ever ſide ſhe inclines, let it be upon the reſult of her conviction, without paying any regard to paſſion, or prejudice, two mercenary counſellors, which, in the court of moral arbitration, are too apt to take bribes, and turn the iſſue of the cauſe, while they endeavour to blind the equity and diſcernment of the magiſtrate.

Above all other *fatal things*, I warn you not to give implicit credit to *great authorities*, which, in religious caſes, are never to have an undue influence. Let not the force, ſplendour, or power of a name, ſeduce, or awe you into a partial choice. Religion, like matrimony, ſhould be, if poſſible, ſettling for life. Let neither Hume, or Addiſon, or Bacon, or Bolingbroke, Locke, or Tillotſon, ſway you by any thing, but the actual weight of arguments, which ſtrike eventually and irreſiſtibly upon the *rational* faculty.

Theſe hints purſued, will, I cannot but believe, ſerve, in ſome degree,

gree, every hesitating person; and, when carried into practice, I have faith enough in them to conjecture, they will enable every one who is pleased to lend them his attention, to act honestly, amiably, uprightly; and to discharge his duty according to the truth that is in him, whether he be of one religion or another.

Of David Hume, or of his philosophy, I shall say no more; but from a succinct view of the whole matter, I apprehend it may very fairly be concluded, in repetition of Mr. Smith's words, that, "though men will, no doubt, judge variously of his philosophical opinions, every one approving,

approving, or condemning them, according as they happen to coincide or diſagree with his own, yet, concerning his character and conduct, there can ſcarce be a difference of opinion."

A N

AN

ADDRESS

TO

One of the People called CHRISTIANS.

By way of REPLY,

TO HIS

LETTER

TO

ADAM SMITH, L. L. D.

ON THE

LIFE, DEATH, AND PHILOSOPHY

OF HIS FRIEND

DAVID HUME, ESQ.

AN

ADDRESS, &c.

SIR,

YOUR very *Chriſtian* epiſtle, wet from the Clarendon preſs, was brought to me by my bookſeller, juſt as I was correcting a proof ſheet of that Apology, from the firſt advertiſement of which, in the news-papers, you ſeem to have caught the hint of your title: I mean ſo

much of it as relates to the Life, Death, and Philoſophy of David Hume, Eſq.

Upon ſhewing *my* original title-page* to a learned acquaintance, he ſaid he diſcovered therein a viſible impropriety. An Apology for the Death for any man, he thought, unneceſſary. Your letter convinces me, the blunder would not have amounted to an Iriciſm, had it been admitted agreeable to my firſt deſign;—ſince you have, I find, as many, and as powerful objections

* The original title-page, printed in the London Packet, run thus: An Apology for the Life, Death, and Philoſophy of David Hume, &c.

to

to Mr. Hume's manner of dying, as to his manner of living. But your letter to Dr. Smith is too ſingular not to command as much of my attention, as can, at this late period of my time, when The APOLOGY is juſt ſtepping abroad, be allowed.

Your epiſtle, Sir, is the firſt of thoſe—though I confeſs it came out rather ſooner than I expected—which I prognoſticated would be levelled both at David Hume and Dr. Smith. It is certainly right that the people called Chriſtians, ſhould, with all decent earneſtneſs, eſpouſe the cauſe of that religion, upon whoſe ſacred foundations their

faith is eſtabliſhed. I blame you not, therefore—the more eſpecially if you are of the holy order, which I take to be the caſe—for drawing your weapon in behalf of what appears to you, to be the only ſyſtem that ought to be univerſally adopted. It is laudable: it is amiable: it is noble. But then it ſhould have been done—a buſineſs ſo important —ſo delicate—ſhould have been done, Sir, without ſpleen, without rancour, without uncharitableneſs.

Hath this been the caſe? —The rage of a hurried compoſition is now gratified, your zeal hath almoſt kindled the wheels in its journey to London, and you are, perhaps,—or

you will be, by the time this reaches you, in your—I will not call it—*eaſy* chair.—Pray—reverend Sir—you ſee I cannot help thinking I am addreſſing a clergyman, though without your precaution I ſhould have known you were not writing with the pen of a B—— ——.

Pray, reverend Sir, let your pamphlet lie upon the table, as you and I—with the pleaſantry which I perceive is ſo dear to you—examine ſome of its paragraphs.

Your *ſtyle* is, as you ſay, " * free and eaſy" enough; but neither in

* Letter, p. 2.

that, nor in your ſentiment, do you appear to have "in your compoſition any large proportion of that which our inimitable Shakeſpeare ſtyles, * *the milk of human kindneſs*." And though it muſt be confeſſed, you now and then are, as you ſay, ready to praiſe, yet it is of that ſort, as if

"Your ſpirit mock'd itſelf."

or to apply another poetical expreſſion, which ſeems not to be ill-ſuited—

"You *damn* with *faint praiſe*."

The other part of this memorable couplet muſt, however, be paro-

* Letter, p. 4.

died,

died, to be appoſite; for, your *leer* is by no means *civil*, and you *do* ſneer yourſelf moſt horribly, even while you are teaching *others* to ſneer——

Proceed we to the proof.

It is with a very conſiderable ſhare of prudence, that you adviſe ſuch readers as * find no ſatisfaction in your book, to "throw it into the fire."—I confeſs, I was, in the progreſs of the peruſal, more than once tempted to make a ſacrifice of this nature; and I more than once, alſo, heartily regretted the † loſs of my

* See advertiſement to Letter, p. i.

† Ditto, p. ii.

ſhilling,

ſhilling, and I ſhall, certainly, take care "* not to loſe another in the ſame manner." Not, Sir, becauſe "† I am an enemy to human learning, or that I could not have made a hearty meal, upon a good, fair, and candid defence of Chriſtianity, as yourſelf; but becauſe, I cannot poſſibly conſider, as candid or fair, or good, a pamphlet, which is written with an indecent degree of warmth, and with very little regard to liberality. What have you not, upon the preſent occaſion, *drolled upon?*—You have choſen to write your letter to Dr. Smith in a *droll*

* Advertiſement, p. ii.

† See Letter, p. 3.

way

way, upon the moſt ſerious of all human ſubjects, and yet you are very angry that our dying philoſopher, ſhould, in his laſt hours, " * read Lucian—play at whiſt, and *droll* upon Charon and his boat." —I ſhould not—I *ſhall* not, Sir,—oppoſe Mr. Hume's philoſophy, to the principles of Chriſtianity—but I think it very hard that you ſhould ſo entirely forget, the Chriſtian temper, the Chriſtian meekneſs, and the Chriſtian charity, which ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed its divine maſter.—Nay, you are deficient in the very liberality, which ſhould mark every fair, and rational enquirer.—Is it liberal, Sir, to turn the ar-

* See Letter, p. 10.

rows

rows of ridicule againſt a long life of—*good-nature*, *compaſſion*, *generoſity*, *charity*; merely becauſe his opinion happen to differ from yours?—Is that rectitude of conduct, which confeſſedly marked Mr. Hume, to be dwindled down to nothing, for the ſake of ſupporting an argument on the oppoſite ſide of the queſtion? Is it I ſay, Sir, to be ſhrunk into the idea of his being "* *good company*, and knew how to manage his *cards*?"—But almoſt every part of your letter to Dr. Smith allows ſufficient ſcope for the ſevereſt cenſure. The witticiſm of turning Mr. Hume's Hiſtory of

* Letter, p. 11.

Eng-

England into a noble effort of * *matter and motion*, is wretched: to pay you, however, a compliment, in *kind*, I muſt juſt expreſs my notion, that, your pamphlet neither poſſeſſes ſuch valuable *matter*; nor do I think it will have, by any means, ſo noble a *motion*: it will, I truſt, like one of Hume's treatiſes, *fall dead born from the preſs*, and be amongſt the things which are no more remembered, although you have, boaſtingly, called it an † *alarum* bell to the admirers of Mr. Hume: yea, even though you inſiſt upon it—with a zeal which reliſhes more of

* Letter, p. 3.

† Ditto, p. 24.

bigotry

bigotry than Chriſtianity—* that it ſhould be rung in their ears, till ſucceeded by the laſt trumpet.

The queſtions you addreſs to Dr. Smith, are, moſt of them, exceedingly ſuperficial; the firſt is perfectly ridiculous. "Why all this hurry and buſtle, to ſatisfy the public, that our Philoſopher lived and died perfectly compoſed and eaſy? Was there, ſay you, any ſuſpicion in *Scotland*, that he might not, at times, be quite ſo compoſed and eaſy as he ſhould have been?"

And would you really have a ſerious anſwer to ſo ſilly a queſtion?

* Letter, p. 25.

Pray,

Pray, Sir, was there ever yet a being ſo uniformly tranquil, ſo perpetually ſerene, as to be always the ſame, and appear to his family, to his friends, and to his foes, without ſome little diſcompoſure? If you ſpeak in a *religious* ſenſe: I deſire to know, whether the firmeſt Chriſtian—to pay you the compliment—Sir—whether *you*, have not, at times, had upon you thoſe feelings which have run counter to the general tenor of a more collected conduct; and whether, now and then, you you have not been, even in points of orthodoxy, leſs compoſed, and leſs eaſy than you could wiſh to have been? The beſt men upon earth, are, in proportion to their ſenſibility,

the

the moſt ſuſceptible of theſe occaſional diſorders; nor can all the Religion, or Fortitude, or Philoſophy in the whole world prevent it.

Your ſecond interrogatory, and the third, which is directly connected with the ſecond, are not more aptly propoſed, nor deſerve they a more ſober anſwer than the firſt.

* "Was there ever any *Book* written againſt Mr. Hume—which ſhook his ſyſtem to pieces about his ears, and reduced it to a heap of ruins, the ſucceſs and eclat of which might be ſuppoſed to have hurt his

* Letter, p. 25.

mind, and to have affected his health? "Was there any *Author*, whoſe *name*, his friends never dared to mention before him, and was not all ſtrangers, that were introduced to him, againſt doing it; becauſe he never failed, when by any accident it was done, to fly out into a tranſport of paſſion and ſwearing? or hath no book been written to impair the growth and increaſe of his philoſophic reputation?"—In reply to theſe ſeveral points I ſhall wave all ſtricture upon the ſcurility, and unchriſtian ſpirit which is mixed up with them, and only obſerve, that, no book *has* been written, that has impaired Hume's philoſophical reputation; a philoſophic reputation,

ſubſiſts only among philoſophers; and they, to a man, hold Beattie's Book in contempt; which, is a philoſophy calculated only for ladies, and fine gentlemen.

Your arguments, Sir, are not much happier than your queſtions; as your remarks are in general, poorer than both. I ſhall expoſe the futility of theſe, as their abſurdity occurs to my mind, upon a re-examination of your Letter.

What you have called a * "ſummary of Mr. Hume's doctrines, metaphyſical and moral," is either a *wilful* or an *ignorant*, miſrepreſen-

* Letter, p. 39.

tation

tation of Hume's ſyſtem, which never in any one part or paſſage, gave you firſt cauſe to ſay, its author, at any time* "ſat down calmly and deliberately to obliterate from the hearts of the human ſpecies every trace of the knowledge of God and his diſpenſations." Much leſs did he endeavour to "extirpate all hope of enjoying God's grace and favour." On the contrary, I do again inſiſt, that Mr. Hume's philoſophical ſyſtem, inculcated every thing praiſeworthy†.

Secondly, Sir, you are upon a wrong ground in aſſerting that, to

* Letter, p. 16.

† See Apology, Sect. 3. p. 70. 71. 72.

want honeſty, and to want underſtanding, and to want a leg, are equally the objects of *moral* diſapprobation.

This cannot be any part of David Hume's doctrine, neither can bear critical examination. In fact, the moſt pitiable of all human objects is a diſhoneſt reprobate, for nothing can ſo truly be compaſſionated as a man who hath not even *policy* enough to be *honeſt*, yet he is certainly an object of moral diſapprobation; and tho' it may be very proper to pity him, it is equally proper that, for the ſake of an example, and for the ſervice of mankind, he ſhould be puniſhed. A criminal pleaded upon

his trial, as an extenuation of his offence, that he was *predeſtined* to commit it: I am heartily ſorry for that friend, ſaid the judge, but by the ſame rule, I am predeſtined to order you to be hanged. Breaking a leg is aſſuredly a pitiable circumſtance, but, in point of culpability, ſhall it be equally immoral with want of honeſty? Nor did I ever know before that, want of *underſtanding*, was to be imputed to a man, as criminal, though it may ſometimes be attributed to his weakneſs, or want of application.—Again, can a *whole* leg be called a corporeal *virtue*; or can a broken one be termed with any propriety, a corporeal *vice*? Corporeal virtues,

muſt be perſonal virtues; ſuch as charity, cleanlineſs, continence, &c. &c.

There is ſomething ſo unaccountable in this ſentence, Sir, that I ſhould eſteem myſelf very much obliged to you if you would intercede with your * learned friend, who drew up a comprehenſive ſummary of Hume's doctrines, to refer me to that paſſage in our Philoſopher's Works which treats of this matter.

I beg references alſo, by help of the ſame medium, to thoſe parts of

* Poſtſcript to Letter, p. 38.

Hume

Hume, which is, you ſay, * "designed to prove the *ſoul's mortality*," an attempt which I cannot with the cloſeſt attention perceive, was ever made. Hints about his juſtification of *ſelf-murder*, † are, as ſome critics have already obſerved, "candour itſelf requires, we ſhould not attack a work, which the Author himſelf had abandoned, and in ſome meaſure reprobated."

By way of contraſt to the behaviour of Mr. Hume, you lay before us, for the choice of our adoption, the behaviour of Hooker the Chriſtian.—I am curious to know the

* Letter, p. 28.

† London Review.

reaſons for propoſing Hooker as a contraſt to Hume.—Was there any thing in the conduct of their laſt moments which ſo materially diſtinguiſhed them? Let us draw the curtain, and obſerve.

Immediately before the Author of the Eccleſiaſtical Polity expired, he ſpake thus:

"I have lived to ſee, that this world is made up of perturbations; and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near. And though I have, by his grace, loved him in my youth, and feared him in mine age,

age, and laboured to have a conſcience void of offence, towards him, and towards all men, yet, if thou, Lord, ſhouldeſt be extreme to mark what I have done amiſs, who can abide it? And therefore, where I have failed, Lord, ſhew mercy to me; for I plead not my righteouſneſs, but the forgiveneſs of my unrighteouſneſs, through His merits, who died to purchaſe pardon for penitent ſinners. And ſince I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time; I ſubmit to it. Let not mine, O Lord, but thy will be done!—God hath heard my daily petitions; for I am at peace with all men, and he is at peace with me.

me. From ſuch bleſſed aſſurance I feel that inward joy, which this world can neither give, nor take from me. My conſcience beareth me this witneſs; and this witneſs makes the thoughts of death joyful. I could wiſh to live, to do the Church more ſervice; but cannot hope it; for my days are paſt, as a ſhadow that returns not."

* When Hume's ſymptoms returned with violence upon him, he from that moment gave up all thoughts of recovery, and ſubmited with the utmoſt chearfulneſs, and the moſt perfect reſignation and

* Life, p. 42.

complacency: * he always talked of his approaching diſſolution with great cheerfulneſs, but never affected to make any parade of his magnanimity. When even the converſation of his friends became oppreſſive and fatiguing, he was quite free from † anxiety, or impatience. Even the laſt ſtage of his diſorder, when it even coſt him an effort to ſpeak, and when he had occaſion to addreſs the ‡ people about him, he always did it with affection and tenderneſs.—After all this he died "in ſuch a happy compoſure of

* Dr. Smith's Letter, p. 51.

† Dr. Smith's Letter, p. 54.

‡ Dr. Smith's Letter, p. 58.

mind

mind, that nothing could exceed it."

I look in vain for a *diſtinct difference* between the laſt moments of Hume and Hooker, Sir. Did Hooker "labour to be at peace with all men?" So did Hume, who had "* no enemies on which he wiſhed to revenge himſelf." Did Hooker live to ſee, that, "† this world is made up of perturbations?" So did Hume, who—though the later period of his life was the moſt agreeable to him, and though he ſaw many ſymptoms of his literary

* Dr. Smith's Letter to Mr. Strahan, p. 48.

† Letter, p. 32.

repu-

reputation breaking out at laſt with additional luſtre — conſidered that, " * a man of ſixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities," inſomuch that he declares, almoſt with his dying breath, that, " it would be difficult to be more detached from life" than he was at that criſis.

Point out to me then, I conjure you, Sir, the ſuperiority in the manner of Hooker's dying. I own I cannot, without ſome peculiar aſſiſtance, find it out. And, I truſt, likewiſe, that ſuch readers of my APOLOGY, as are neither, " † bi-

* Life, p. 31.

† Letter, p. 2

gots,

gots, enthuſiaſts, nor enemies to human learning," will be fully convinced that the influences of the philoſophy which are the object of our preſent diſpute, were in no degree * peſtilential.

From what has been already urged, you will perceive, Sir, that I by no means think that your Letter to Dr. Adam Smith is † *ingenuouſly* written;

* Letter, p. 30.

† It were no difficult matter, to prove alſo that you have not written *ingenioufly*; ſeveral groſs blunders, which even hurry cannot excuſe, occurring in different parts of your pamphlet. Thus, in Advertiſement, p. 1. you "made your remarks, becauſe you thought them true." What, Sir, "did you

written; nor do I think the Doctor's deceased friend, will very cordially accept

you think them true *before* the thoughts were made." P. 4. of Letter, you use the word *proportion* for portion, by which mistake the passage is truly ridiculous. P. 4. you say you never knew what hatred was? No! What, do not you hate vice, and the villain? Good, meek, milky-minded man, the friends of virtue and honesty are much obliged to you for that truly! P. 10. you talk facetiously of *dying* as insensibly and foolishly as you can for the *life* of you: you say you are a *South Britain*. Who would not have thought you were just exported from the banks of the Shannon? P. 14. is the word *yourself* for the word *you*, and various other errors—not of the press, but,—to adopt your own language—"these are trifles; my quarry lies not this way. I fly

accept ſervices, ſo maliciouſly offered, even † IF (as you cautiouſly obſerve) departed ſpirits *have* any knowledge of what is paſſing upon earth.

After all, Sir, how can you allow your pen ſuch a licence—a licence, you would not dared to have indulged, had the philoſopher been in the land of the living—as to ſay that his exiſtence was paſſed ‡ without God in the world? Though his

fly at nobler game. The atrocious cruelty of inſiſting that a writer diffuſed *Atheiſm*, who never *did* diffuſe any ſuch thing, is a ſubject that concerns every body."

† Letter, p. 30.

‡ Letter, p 32.

notions

notions of a ſupreme Power might not perhaps directly tally with yours, how are you able to tell that ſuch a power did not as highly approve his arguments as your own? Would you pronounce a ſentence of damnation againſt the Indian for his worſhip to the ſun—againſt the Mahometan for his homage to the Prophet—againſt the Chineſe for his idolatry to a ſculptured image—againſt the Perſian for his proſtration to a cloud? All theſe people have different ideas of a a Deity from you.—None of theſe are Chriſtians—Millions of them believe * nothing about the Son—Many of them are, moral, ſocial,

* Letter, p. 31.

pious, humane, charitable — Shall they, nevertheleſs, not ſee life, but ſhall the wrath of God, ſo furiouſly denounced by St. John, abide on them?

I am ſhocked at ſuch a ſyſtem. Yet the caſe is parallel. Fie upon it, Sir. It is not the part of a Chriſtian paſtor to be extreme to mark even what is done amiſs, nor is it characteriſtic either of a follower of Jeſus, or of a ſervant of the eternal Father, to ſnatch from the hand of that father,

* ——— "the ballance or the rod."

Although, you have taken upon you to "rejudge his juſtice, and

* Eſſay on Man.

be

be the God of God." All that part of your Letter, therefore, Sir, which would repreſent Mr. Hume as unworthy the mercy, or protection of a Providence, is arrogant, inſolent, ignorant, and preſumptuous.

But, to ſay the truth, and do you full juſtice, you ſeem, Sir, to profeſs a notable talent for miſrepreſenting the ſentiments of thoſe whom you are pleaſed to cenſure. I am ſorry to find you do not think Dr. Smith's *good meaning* will ſucceed; becauſe, — without the leaſt mixture of your beloved irony—I really think his deſign was perfectly laud-

able. I ſee nothing wrong in his perſuading us to follow the example of David Hume, becauſe, I perceive, not a ſyllable that propoſes Atheiſm as a cordial for low ſpirits, and the proper antidote againſt the fear of death. If *you* perceive ſuch ſentiments, I again repeat, that, it becomes you, Sir, as a fair-dealing Chriſtian, who ought to do juſtice betwixt man and man, to be more particular in your references, and not to be

"laughing wild
In *merry* madneſs."

Your ſimile of John the Painter is very elevated, indeed, and ſoars ſuperior to all reply: I am not offended,

I really cannot ſee there is any occaſion for me to alter, or to add another ſentence."

" For modes of faith, let graceleſs zealots fight:
His can't be wrong, whoſe *life* is in the right."

Conſequently, David Hume's ſyſtem, upon account of the rectitude of his life, cannot be wrong.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

One of the People who venerate SINCERITY.

FINIS.

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